

ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 400.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"As Poor Pa is continually boasting of being somewhat of a bird fancier, it was only natural that he should be commissioned to purchase the Christmas turkey this year, and that the consequences were disastrous goes without saying. Somehow or another, everything Papa handles turns out a dismal failure, and his turkey, which, if not present at the creation of the world, must certainly have been hatched in the Ark, was no exception to the rule. Papa's efforts to dismember it on Christmas Day were both heartrending and fruitless, and eventually resulted in the wrecking of the dinner table and the collapse of Ma."—TOOTSIE.

A SEASONABLE TRAGEDY.



1. "Mind the goose don't burn while I am upstairs," quoth Mrs. Penbecker to her long suffering and of life weary husband, to which the latter responded with a meek "Yes."



2. But the pretty servant maid, coming into the kitchen a few minutes afterwards with a bit of mistletoe stuck coquettishly in her hair, caused George to forget all about the goose, but not so the domestic Tabby.



3. George's negligence was her opportunity; and when Mrs. Penbecker, attracted by the commotion, arrived in the kitchen, the sight which met her view caused her wrath to explode with extra special vigour.

A RASCAL.

"As to the place of my nativity, or who were the parents who gave me birth, I cannot speak positively. From a variety of circumstances I have entertained some doubts, and the reader will probably join in my suspicions on that head. But I repeat that all my researches have only tended to give me some exalted, but at the same time, vague and uncertain notions concerning my family."

Thus far we have quoted from the autobiography of "le Comte de Cagliostro," but the truth was that no mystery whatever was attached to the birth and parentage of this notorious swindler. His father, who died whilst Joseph Balsamo (which was the count's real name), was still an infant, was a poor working man. The widow struggled on with the greatest difficulty, and little Jo, at a very early age, acquired the reputation of being one of the "biggest little thieves" in all Palermo. His Uncle sent him to a school from which he ran away, and to a monastery, the young vagabond professing a desire to be a priest; from which he was expelled. At this latter place he picked up some knowledge of medicines which he turned to use later on. He then started as an artist, but gained little money by his brush, though he possessed much talent. With his pen, however, in "imitative writing," he eked out a scanty income by forging orders of admission to places of public amusement, selling them afterwards for a trifle to his vagabond friends. During this time he made the acquaint-

vice of a notary in Palermo, in whose office he came across a will, to which he substituted a forged one, but failed to obtain the money he expected; but, although it could not be clearly proved, he was strongly suspected of being the forger.

By this time he had earned such a bad name he thought it wiser to seek pastures new, but he was without a feather to fly with. There was a goldsmith, with whom he was slightly acquainted, of the name of Mariano. He persuaded this simple gentleman he had discovered, by the aid of a divining-rod, a place where a large sum of money was buried. "It could not, however, for some cabalistic reason be secured by the person who made the discovery, though he (Joseph) might be present to assist at its disinterment." On condition that the goldsmith paid him down sixty ounces of gold he promised him a share of the treasure and agreed to lend him his valuable services. The gold was paid to him, and at midnight he and the goldsmith found themselves at a lonely spot outside the town, where they began to dig.

But all of a sudden, a band of devils, with painted faces and goat-skin dresses, fell upon them and cruelly beat the poor goldsmith, whilst Joe ran away with his gold in his pocket, leaving the devils, who were friends of his, unpaid for the service they had rendered him.

And now opened up a (for a while) grand career for Balsamo, soon to be known to crowned heads and the highest nobility as Cagliostro the Magician.

* Which the story being a bit too long for one number," hissed the Babel.

* Will be continued in our next," murmured the Blood Blot, under the title of—

"Beauty Water."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents wishing their MSS. or sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Many thanks for story, SEYMOUR. But it's just a trifle thin. And we're much afraid that it would hardly do to put it in. Sorry, NORMAN, but your letter never reached us, that is plain; You had better write and tell us all about your case again. Thanks for sketches, EDWARD BAKER. But they're amateurish quite; It is rather awkward. DONALD. But we'll try and put it right. We'd oblige you, JEM, with pleasure. But it's difficult to tell; Probably you're right, ONCE BITTER. They are only made to sell. Thanks for invitation, BADGER. But the Ancient will not go; Half a crown at least, MISS ARMSTRONG; Sorry, JESS, we do not know. You can get the number, CORNET. For three-halfpence, posted free; Thanks, MISS GOODYEAR, but the Old 'Un never will go out to tea. You'd have had an answer, Y. Z. If you had inclosed a stamp; It is only rarely, TIM, that SLOPER goes upon the tramp. You should throw him over, FANNY. He is playing "fast and loose"; Many thanks for sketches, HOWARD. But they're not a bit of use. Glad PHIL likes the Christmas Number; Certainly it's full of fun, And, in our opinion, takes the Banbury, biscuit, cake and bun.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"POOR Smith's got the brokers in," said Jones, "and I was wondering whether you would mind helping a bit." "Aw—Smith—Smith," said Mr. Stukupp, "let me see. I seem to know the name. Er—what position are they in?" "A doosid awkward position, I should say, if you ask me."

"Ah! what a good father he is—so unlike some of 'em. There he is, carrying that two months' baby of his and not ashamed of it—like some people I know." And then the fair speaker's husband weighed in with, "You are a bally old Hanwell. Carrying the baby! That ain't no baby! It's only the sucking pig that he won this afternoon at the 'Blue Pig' raffle, and he's taking it to the next station, to palm it off on the new station master, so that he can have enough by him to have a brace or two of cold Scotches before the day's over."

At Christmas time should man be full
Of charity and joy,
Of faith, good will and friendliness
And bliss without alloy.

He very often is, no doubt,
But, oh! we grieve to tell
How very frequently he's full
Of other things as well.

[It is to be deeply regretted that our valued contributor does not make the precise meaning contained in the last line somewhat clearer, because there are people so base minded as to suggest that he means booze.

"WELL, Alice, my dear, and where have you and little Johnnie been all this while?" interrogated auntie. "Me and Johnnie have been playin' father and mother," replied little Alice. "Oh, indeed! and how do you play that?" asked auntie. "Oh, Johnnie makes believe he wants to go out, and I say he sha'n't. Then he says he will, and I won't let him. Then he uses naughty words, and I pretend to cry." "Oh—h—h, indeed!" said auntie, with a meaning look at mamma.

THE way them automatic machines are being developed is really something wonderful. This is the latest notice on the gore-tinted iron. "Immense saving of time. Try your weight. Put two pence in the slot. The gentleman then sits down in the chair. The lady sits on the gentleman's lap. By a new electric medium the two separate weights are given quite accurately on the same card, while accompanying the card is a packet of chocolate and a portrait of the latest *decorée* of quite a shilling value. Now's your time!"



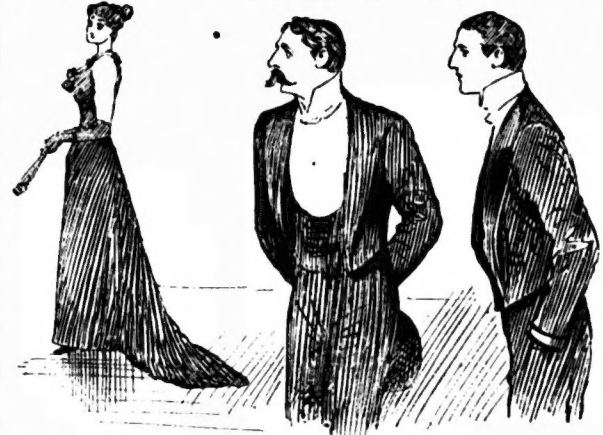
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 400.—The "Kiss-Kiss" Costume.



"You're late again at breakfast, Jane. Now, I'll give you a piece of my mind." "Don't trouble dear. I'd rather you'd give me some of the cold fowl you have there."



"Christmas day was over, and Sir Blazo de Sloper hurriedly raised the flagon to his lips. 'Twas empty! With a curse he dashed it to the ground.'—Family History.



First Srell. You see that girl over there, old man? Well, she has a splendid practice at the bar.
Second Srell. Eh! Oh, a lady barrister, I presume.
First Srell. No, my boy—a barnmaid.



"Been in the wars, old man?" "No, only had my face massaged for neurælia."



Often is the smile of gaiety assumed whilst the heart aches within.

WHY is it the pavement of Covent Garden Market is always so specially clean just at this exact time of the year as ever is? Why, because the crowds of loveliest are on their way to the Drury Lane Pantomime Rehearsals. "The way these girls do wag their tails when they walk," says Mrs. Billy Gander, "must save a deal of sweeping to the parish—well—well it can't be helped: when I was young and lovely I guess I wiggle-waggled it with the best of 'em."

"THERE are different ways of showing love," said ALLY. "My wife has her way." "As mild as milky way, I suppose?" said Mac. "The way she dusts my clothes." "With you inside 'em," said Mac. "The playful way she taps me." "On the boko with a yard of broomstick," said Mac. "She always waits for my coming." "With the second best ganp," said Mac. Then the wrath of the Old Man was fairly and justly aroused, and he bunked away to a kinder bosom of friendship and where the booze was cheaper.

It's harder than ever to marry our girls,
Accomplishments don't catch the men;
And Beauty, alas! has reeled I find
To nearly a thousand to ten.

The thrice lucky maiden who has the best chance
Of mating—for better or worse—
Is undoubtedly she who is known to possess
The largest and weightiest purse.

THEY had not been married long and they were wrangling furiously. She had at last shown her claws, and he had made up his mind to be firm and assert his authority. "Will you listen to me?" he thundered, at last. "Am I to be master in my own house?" "Certainly," if you desire it," was the calm rejoinder, "but I intend to be mistress of the situation."

At a hostelry not a hundred miles from the Strand.
Boozier. Hallo, old man! How are you? What will you have?
Boozier. Thanks, very much; but my doctor has forbidden me to drink anything containing alcohol.
Boozier. All right; you'd better have a drop of this Scotch whisky, then—that will just suit you.

"REMORSE is the poison of existence," yet for all that I never knew a man who borrowed a fiver from his mother-in-law and for got to pay it back, who exactly went and brained himself against his side-door knocker because he no longer feels himself to be a purely perfect Christian.

SHE was such a good girl that when they told her she must take up her French irregular verbs she refused to have anything to do with anything irregular.

Overheard at Bournemouth.
Brown. Hallo, Easter! how are you getting on?
Faster (who has been ordered change of air). Oh, capitally, old man, thanks; in fact, I'm quite a different man since I've been down here.
Brown. How pleased your wife will be.
[It wasn't so much what he said, as Easter remarked afterwards, "as the nasty way he said it."

"Is she a very tight dancer?" I should think so. You should have seen her trying to do the half-pair of a *pas de quatre* on the kitchen table. When she put her foot down even you could have heard the constable six areas off kissing the latest general behind the coal-cellar door—as to a pin dropping, well, there—

Now Christmas time is here again,
Old Surlyman, who music hates,
Informs us he intends to take
Some stringent measures against the waits.

"GIVE me some high old game for breakfast," said the fashionable Sloperius. "I can always worry down my bit of grouse, cold, any day." Then McGooseley looked serious. "Save and excepting when you've had the usual high old game over night—as to game then you couldn't as much as swallow a tooth-pick full of Worcester sauce, let alone a 'soldier' stewed in mustard."

Overheard at the Holborn Restaurant.
Customer. Oh, waiter, has Mr. Gamp been here this evening?
Waiter. Yessir, 'bout a nour ago, sir.
Customer. How was he—all right?
Waiter. Well, sir, I should say he was rather—er—drowsy, sir, considerin' as how he was askin' how much longer before the train was goin' to start, and then was a-goin' to undress himself in the bar. Yessir, I should say he was decidedly drowsy.

"LOVE may make the world go round," remarked Belinda Bladder's Betrothed-up-to-Data, "but I'll be dashed if it makes things go square."

WHEN ALLY returned the other evening, or rather morning, to Mrs. S. with a tale of how the pavement had reared up and struck him on the nose, making that organ bleed, the worthy wife of the bosom of the Friend of Man declared the narrative a fable; but it was merely an alle(y)gory.

HE had been a manufacturer of mineral waters, and he had died, and his relict, after dilating on his attention to business, remarked, "Ah, poor dear! there are no mineral waters where he has gone." And the Dead Wrong 'Un weighed in with, "No; but they'd fetch a price there."

"I THOUGHT you had one of those little hanging travelling lamps?" observed Jones. "Why, of course," said Smith. "I'm obliged to have one. I travel on the L. B. and S. Coast line; but I've broken the hooks." "How was that?" inquired Jones. "Trying to hang the lamp on the cushion of a second class carriage."

HERE'S pantomime time come again, boys;
Hurrah for the d-mons and sprites!
The clown and the rally,
The girls of the ballet
(Those dear little darlings in tights!)
Hurrah for the Queen of the Fairies,
Who puts all the heroes' wrongs right!
For the lovely princess
In the jewel spangled dress,
Hurrah for the panto, to-night!

SCENE—Fashionable Dressmaker's. Enter Fair One.
Fair One. Oh, good morning. I've come to ask you a great favour—you really must do it for me. I want you to make me a dozen entirely new costumes, and have them all ready this day three weeks.

Dressmaker. Certainly, if madame can wait no longer. May I take the liberty of inquiring if madame is going abroad?
Fair One. Oh, dear, no! but my divorce petition is down for hearing in three weeks, and it would never do to wear the same dress twice.

"HE was the boredest out beggar I ever came across, and that's saying something, anyhow. As to falling asleep through two hours of the Friv, burlesque, that was nothing. He was so sick of Christmas, that he actually hired a young cove from the pastry cook's, got up exactly like himself, to go to his pa's big family Christmas party, because he wouldn't take the trouble even to kiss his cousins under the mistletoe."

TOOTSIE'S MERRY XMESS.

'Twas Merry Christmas-time, and everybody was just about as terrible as they could stick. Why was this? I am not asking a conundrum, but merely stating a fact.



On the stir.

There is no prize awarded if you guess right. An unusual quantity of Christmas literature crowded the stalls of Smith and Willing. Some of the authors of the snow flaked stories written in the early days had since died of sun stroke, or emigrated to less torrid zones. Some had been paid and some hadn't. Genial old gentle men bought seats for the pantomime for youthful male relations at fabulous prices, booking months in advance.

Good boys! You also always speak as much of the truth as will show the antiquated old jossers who think they know better than you do, that they ain't in it.

Merry married ladies a wee bit off had ordered in heaps of holly, and, in a blushing flutter, added "a sprig or two of—you know—he, he!" It's so absurd, but they say it's unlucky not to.

My dears, aren't you astounded at this dreadful slanginess? which you will allow (only too readily, dears, don't you think?) is almost too matured for a girl of eighteen; but, if any of you, dears, had had to live eighteen years in similar family surroundings, you might, possibly, have acquired an even less polished style.

'Twas, as I began by observing, merry Christmas time. The Genial Grocer was dodging the Christmas goods with pretty paper ornaments. The Benevolent Butcher spared neither fat nor bone weighing up. The Tender Hearted Cabbage Merchant felt he couldn't rob a customer even of a snail, for 'twas merry Christmas-time. The Dove-like Draper never wearied of "And the next!" Long suffering, soft toned man! The Paternal Publican made up Christmas humbers—well, there could be no harm in them.

At the Home the muzzletoe hung in the outer hall, the enough and crow are on the roost, and the howl was on the how-wow. Poor Pa, who, if he isn't Christmasy at Christmas, at some one else's xmas is, as it were, nothing, laid in the penny ice and set ma, Evelyn and Haunt jiggins cutting paper snow for Alexandria and William to scatter from the first floor in front of the dining room window. You can imagine how savage the other dwellers in Paradise Place became when they saw we were the only persons at merry Christmas-time who had snow. The people next door (who are always regularly wanting in courtesy), sent in a request that the super-duper snow droppings should be immediately removed.

Merry Christmas at the Mildeweries began as usual a few days in advance and Poor Pa waking up on Christmas Eve thanked Goodness it was all over, being temporarily under the impression that Boxing Day had passed by and the rent receipt was in his waistcoat pocket. When he learnt it was broken to him too suddenly, perhaps that Ma and Tottie and I were mixing the Christmas pudding, he went back to bed and asked to be wakened in time for Sir Augustus' twelfth cake at Drury Lane, on Jan. 6th, '92.

The Boys, I must allow, were very nice this year, and it was quite a question who should do what. The Dook Snook obtained permission to supply a goose, which, unfortunately, flew over Battersea Bridge in a gale, whilst Mr. McGoshish was bringing it home. If it is not dead by now (it was plucked and trussed for roasting when he had it given to him) Mr. McG. says it may live a week hence, and be a centenarian.



Grave responsibilities.

Poor Pa provided the mistletoe and stood under it with a pleasant smile. After the girls had bumped and butted his nose with the back of their heads, pretending it was coyness, he went into a corner and wept. He is now in bed—tied down.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

THE house is nearly upside down, Confusion reigns supreme, The tables and the mantel boards With tops and marbles teem, The cat has died a violent death, The garden's quite a wreck, And baby from the chandelier Is hanging by the neck, The mistress cannot find her gowns, The master's lost his coats, And had his keeneest razors used To manufacture boats, The cook has given notice and The housemaid's off her head, The little dog's been poisoned, The canary bird is dead, Throughout the house you'll hardly find A perfect window pane, The tradesmen hardly dare to call, The neighbours all complain, The bells refuse to ring at all, The doors are minus locks, And some-one has removed the works From nearly all the clocks, The grand piano's broken, and The patent music stool Has lost its seat; and all because The boys are home from school.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M.

(Being further annotated, enlarged, and generally knocked about.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COMMONWEALTH. 1649 TO 1660.

CHARLES I. was beheaded. "He's dead and gone now," said Scroggins Sloper, on hearing the news; "put him in the coffin—head and all."

Years before, Scroggins Sloper had been employed as a page in the King's household. He always wore buttons and a solemn face, so that he got the reputation of being a highly virtuous individual. He is said to have been the only member of the celebrated family minus a highly coloured proboscis.

In his support of Oliver Cromwell he was most inveterate. "The man," he said, "is a good man. He can sing hymns like a bullfinch at a Commercial Road singing match. When he wants to do anything particularly out of the way he always says a prayer beforehand—first a prayer and then a whack." Oliver Cromwell heard of this, and promoted Sloper to the colonelcy of one of his regiments of Ironsides.

They were called Ironsides because their livers were so hard from constant congestion that if you had struck them with a poker it would have rattled as loud as if it had been against a kitchen oven door.

In the Commonwealth, the men in the House of Commons talked a little too much. They don't do anything of that sort nowadays—oh, dear, no! They don't exactly fill up the papers with columns of their speeches, so that the poor reporter of Fleet Street who has found out an extra double breasted gooseberry or an April shower of frogs doesn't get a chance of a little penny a lining lineage—oh, dear, no!

Oliver Cromwell went down to the House of Commons, and said, looking at the mace, "Take away that bauble!"

Scroggins took away the bauble, and it paid a visit to the leaving shop. There were high old times that evening, and the town was painted as red as the modern SLOPERIAN boko. Then Oliver turned all the M.P.s out of the House and put the key in his pocket. "It'll come in handy," he said; "it'll just fit my front door. Sometimes you drop one about a bit. A little latchkey mounting's common enough with most of us, and it saves sending to Chubb's to have another made."

In Cromwell's time, of course, there were lots of people who wanted to have the young King Charles put on the throne. They stirred up and fought the battle of Worcester. It was no good—Oliver Cromwell whopped.

"Their Worcester sauce ain't no great shakes. They can shake that bottle and it won't be a bally great walk over." For this prophecy Sloper was much admired by Cromwell. Charles—the young king—escaped, and hid himself up an oak-tree.

"Let me catch hold of him," said Cromwell, "and he won't hide himself in an oak-tree, but he'll be as clumpless as the old man, and I'll hide him in an oak ulster—with brass buttons to it."

Charles got off with his head. Cromwell did one good thing. He always stood by the Protestants. He wouldn't let the Pope do much to 'em. The Pope of Rome would have liked to have burnt Protestants like Queen Mary.

"No Roman candles of that sort for you, my bonnie boy," said Cromwell; "you'll hear the guns at Rome if you do."

Then the Pope let the Protestants alone in Rome and thereabouts, and they had their drinks without being walked to the scaffold.

Cromwell died. He didn't wear a crown, but could jerk the king business in an amateur way very well.

We could do with another Cromwell, if only to clear the "Commons" out now and again.

"PUNCHY" NELL-O!

OR, THE COLUMBINE'S HUSBAND & THE COLUMBINE'S MASHER.

(With apologies to the song.)

He was a love-sick masher; stout columbine was she, He loved the ground she flopped on; she liked his love to see, 'dies And her husband, when he saw her gazing sweetly towards the Grew intensely jealous, murmuring, "Dash!" or "Hang!" or "Blow his eyes."

He ('tis the love-sick masher) guessed not her married state. She quite forgot the trifling fact to communicate, And the people, had they seen her, winking that seductive eye—"She's a good-for-nothing hussy!"—that would soon have been their cry!

One winter's night they told him sweet columbine was wed. He never mashed so madly as that night, the gasman said, Never laughed and joked so gaily—ah! for his heart that night! "He's the maddest, merriest fellow!" cried the lady with delight.

So when the show was over, forth to his club he slunk, Called for a B. and Soda; then sat him down and drank. And the husband, when he saw him, rightly guessed his thoughts [to me?]

"Married! h'm. It's rather awkward. Never mind; what's that Next night's performance done with, round to the back he crept; But from the stage-door quietly out Lottie's husband stept. Cried he to the masher fiercely, as he closed up both his eyes, "Guess, if stars you want to see, you needn't gaze at moonlit skies!"

• Permissible under the circumstances.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE.

"THE first time," said dear ALLY, "that I saw my bride she was playing at honeypots on her mother's birthday. They were swinging her, when accidentally she fell over the kitten. The kindness that the dear girl showed to this poor suffering feline was most touching. It was the days of crinoline, and she had to pull quite half-a-dozen yards of steel hoops out of it before it could be brought to at all. There's nothing like humanity!"

HOW WE DIDN'T BURY MOONEY.

CORNELIUS MOONEY (rest his soul!) was a man that, when he set his hand to a thing, finished it off, so that, when he started dyin', he went on wid it till he was dead entirely. And it was a ghraundfuneral we decided to give 'm, for Mooney was a decent man.

It would have brought tears to the eyes of the spirit of Mooney to have seen the lashing of whisky that was dhrunk in his cabin before we started for the bury-in, an' it made it all the more sorrowful, see-in' the craythur flowin' so gaily, to think that Mooney should not have been alive to partake of the fine festivities at his funeral. Ochone!

It was a purty long ride through the mountains to the chapel where we was goin' to lay the poor blooy, so we were afther startin' pretty soon; and afther bringin' to an ontoimey end wan of the swatest fights ever seen in Ballyfury, betwix Micky Sullivan and Con Rafferty, we packed Mooney snug and tight inside the hearse and a parthy of the bloys sat on the top of it to kape him company on the road, and we started.

Half a mile beyant the back end of the village the cortajny was overtuk by that omadhun, Denny Doyle, from Kilantare Barony, and nothing at all would satisfy that thafe of the wurru'd but to race poor Mooney for the last time. Well, we knew that Denny could never live wid Mooney alive on the road, and, be jabers, we made up the mind of us that Mooney, dead and on the way to bein' buried, should make 'm gallop, a yway. Sure, 'twas the purtiest race yez iver saw. Neck and neck went the hearse and Denny's car, a d devil a bit could he shake us off. At last we came to where the burn, rushin' down from the mountains, crossed our route. Denny thought to lave us there in the lurch, but devil a bit, for just as his mare was takin' the strame, Mick Foley gave our horse a cut wid the whip and puted the right rein hard. Bang went our off wheel agen the back of the ear, that spun round like a top, then laid down on the top of Denny's. Splash went our horse through the swirl of the wather, and the hearse bumped so hard on the stones in the bed of the strame that we held on to it for dear life.



Devil a bit was Mooney there.

We arrived at the chapel in illigant spirits, and gathered round the hearse in a ring beside Mooney's widdy—and mighty purty she looked, bein' plased at her man havin' raced that scoundrel Denny in his last ride and give him a latin'.

"Bring the brave boy out," siz the praste, and we went to the door of the hearse. Then there was scrachin' and hullabaloo in an' blue murder galore, for when we went to fetch out Mooney, devil a bit was Mooney there at all.

The door of the vayhicle was swingin' open, wan of the rollers was gone, an' it was plain as the nose on your face Mooney had rolled out. We dhrove back by the road we came, but no Mooney could we find, and by a consensus of public opinion it was agreed that Mooney's coffin had slid out into the strame just afther upsettin' Foley. The good praste explained that we couldn't have a complete funeral wid out a corpse, so we had to go back agin.

It was a time afther that I popped the head of me into the cabin of the widdy Mooney, an' when she saw me the craythur, as usual, began to cry, an' a mighty fine eye she had for a tear to glisten in. "What's throublin' ye?" siz Oi. "Mooney," siz she; "they've dragged the river time afther time, and I'm afther thinkin' he must have gone down to the say. And I can't sleep of nights, bein' all alone; I'm afared the ghost of the poor blooy will be afther comin' back to ask why I haven't given his body daicnt burial."

"Don't be afther throublin'," siz I, staleing my arrum round the waist of her. "Let's get the praste to make wan of the two of us, and then if Mooney should come back I'll explain. But I'm thinkin' aushla! that when you've ceased to be his widdy, a daicnt sort of a blooy like Mooney wouldn't intrude on your company." And the sunshine of her smile dried all the rain on the face of her.



"Don't be afther throublin'!"



THE SWEETS OF CHRISTMAS.

Doctor, Now, Master Tommy, you must think I'm Father Christmas going to give you such a nice little something to comfort you.



THE POOR GIRL DIDN'T KNOW.

SLOPER explaining the use of the mistletoe to one of the "Friv." girls.



ONLY A MATTER OF PRICE.

"You say these gloves are three shillings, and those three and sixpence three farthings. What's the difference?" "Sixpence three farthings, madam."



"My husband wants to limit me to twenty cigarettes a day, dear. Horrid man. How I wish I were a widow!"—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

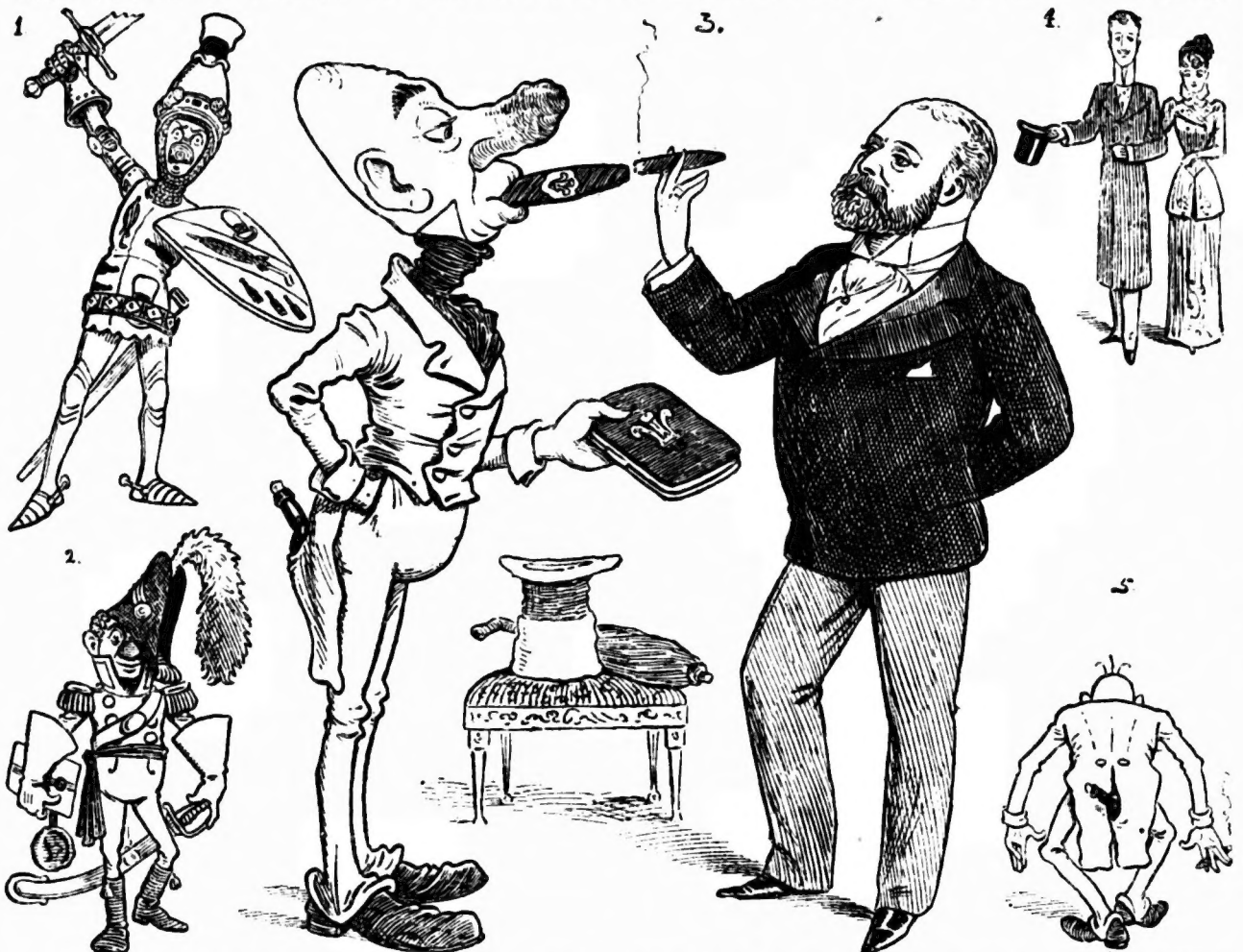
TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 214.—MISS DORA DOUGLAS.

"Oh, fairer than the fairest flower is she." —The Dook Snook.
 "What grace, what beauty and what modesty." —Lord Bob.
 "She is my queen, and I'm her humble slave." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



(1). "And I would also humbly remind your Royal Highness that not only does the name of SLOPER stand first in the journalistic world of to-day, but that, an ancestor of mine, the renowned Sir Codham Sloper, distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, and was highly complimented by the Black Prince on the field for his deeds of valour. Therefore, if your Royal Highness will graciously grant me an interview, your petition will ever pray," etc., etc.—(2). The document, from which the above is an extract, was forwarded per A. SLOPER, A.D.C., Alexandry, in full uniform, to Marlborough House. Anon came the reply, "DEAR SLOPER.—With all the pleasure in life. Look me up this afternoon. Ever thine, ALBERT EDWARD."—(3). SCENE.—The Smoking Room of Marlborough House. "Well, Teddy! and how is George? Give us a light, old chap!" This must not be taken as vulgar familiarity on the part of the Eminent, but H.R.H. makes one feel at once so dearest at home, don't you know. "Progressing famously, is he? Hooray! Of

course, I scarcely need mention how delighted we all were at Mildew Court when we first heard that the marriage between Clarence and Princess Mary—God bless her!—was on the tappy. Mrs. Sloper desired me to convey to his dear mother and you a 111er sincerest congratulations. I can assure you, Ted, we—" Here entered a royal footman. "Your Royal Highness, the Dook of Clarence has about to accompany the Princess Victoria of Teck hunt shopping; hand his there hannythink they can get for your Royal Highness?" (Note.—All male servants talk like this—ask any dramatic critic.—A.S.) "Inform their Royal Highnesses," said the Prince, "that I want to introduce a very old friend to them."—(4). The young Prince entered with his lovely fiancée on his arm.—(5). The proud and gratified smile and elegant bow bestowed on the youthful couple by A. SLOPER is here described in immortal verse by his A.D.C.: "At first 'e wriggled like a worm, And then 'e goes and does a squirm, And bends enough to bust his braces, While like a Cheshire cat 'is face is."

THE INFLUENZA (P) MICROBE.



(1). "Whit are ye followin' me for?" yelped the Laird to this Johnny.

(2). "De li tak' ye! a'll see if cold water suits yer complexion."

(3). "Cum out o' that!" roared a familiar voice from above, "and enjoy your blue devils like a mon."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Once more we are on the eve of the festive season, and in wishing you a merry Christmas I wish it to be understood that I do not do so in the business like and mechanical manner affected by latter day people, but in all sincerity and from the bottom of my heart. On we go:—Lord Dufferin 'tis certain will Lord Lytton's place right royally fill:—Midst the force of Thursday's gale Our plucky bobbies muchly quail:—The Little Magnet still deceives, And medals gay meekly receives:—

Some well known figures, here we see, Who capers out with merry glee:—English by birth this happy pair Will with us all contentment share:—A stand up fight, a merry mill, Sir Charles defeated by a Gill:—“No parson,” is gay Hodge's cry; “To do without him we will try”:—There have been high jinks at Mildew Court lately. Pantomime rehearsals, in which Billy, Snook and Bob take an active part, take place day and night.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Joan, Oh, I say, Mr. Merryman, go and get the man for the Promotion of Cruelty to Animals; they've cut the poor donkey's head off and put his tail on in its place.



ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Mr. Silkie Noodle. Do you think I'm good looking, Miss Jessie? Miss Jessie. If a man hasn't any brains he ought to have good looks (a pause); it's very unfortunate when he hasn't either.

A TRYING ORDEAL.



Lady (of uncertain age). Oh, major, how can you be so bold as to stand immediately beneath the mistletoe? Now, if you were to kiss me—er—er—well, more than once, I really believe I should scream. [But she is quite safe, as the major does not intend committing himself even once.]



BLOCK HEAD.

“Say, Spoofy, old man, got into a bit of a scrimmage last night; who's the best man to ‘do up’ this hat?” “Don't see you could beat the bloke that's ‘blocked’ it already.”



COUNTRY VISITING.

Boggles now wishes he had never accepted his nephew's invitation to dinner on Christmas day.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

EVERYONE, of course, wishes to spend a merry Christmas and participate in the festivities of the season with a light heart, and a mind relieved of the cares of every day life. To do this with any degree of certainty, one must first become a purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS"; without it, the thing is physically impossible, and the attempt can only end in utter and dismal failure. The number contains the whole elements of happiness, and it is a fact that no home can possibly be completely and comfortably furnished without it. We have only a very few copies left, so, if there should accidentally be among our myriad of readers



one single, benighted individual who has, up to the present, actually had the temerity to abstain from purchasing the magnificent number, we would urge upon him the necessity for repairing his oversight without further delay. We are now on the eve of Christmas. The opportunity is here, so see that you embrace it.

INFLUENZA in Russia is assuming curious forms. Several persons attacked with the dread disease lately showed all the symptoms of madness, and rushed wildly about the streets making day horrible with their screams, and tearing their hair out, and their clothes up in the paroxysm. Whether this strange development of the modern Plague will extend to these shores it is hard to say, but for the peace of mind of the community at large it is to be hoped not. Our physicians have yet to learn how to cope with the ordinary stages of the disease before they are called upon to treat with it in its complicated form.

VERILY there are some strange professions nowadays, and their number doth multiply exceedingly. We have it upon reliable authority that in the French capital many deft practitioners are making as much as £500 a year by simply dyeing and "improving" ladies' eyebrows, whilst in New York "grey hair pullers" and "wrinkle healers" have more engagements than they can well attend to. Oh, woman, lovely woman, what a shallow, hollow, artificial fraud you are!

It is to be hoped that the new English ambassador for Paris, Lord Dufferin, will belie his name inasmuch that he will not prove a *duffer* in the position.

CHRISTMAS is here again, and in thousands of homes the festive season is hailed as the period for merry making and rejoicing; but, alas! there is a far greater number in which it serves but to add one more drop to the cup of bitterness, for, believe us, it's a hard matter to feel particularly lively, even at Christmas, when the larder is empty and the coal cellar is in a similar condition. It is for the relief of such cases as this that SLOPER appeals to the generosity of his readers. Be assured, the mince pies will taste as good again, and the kiss which you snatch from your pretty cousin twice as sweet, if indulged in, secure in the knowledge of having contributed, in however small a way, to the relief of the weak, the suffering and the hungry.

MR. JOSEPH HOFFMANN gave a capital smoking concert last week at the St. George's Hall, Champion Hotel, Aldersgate Street, when the Hayes-Evans' concert company, and many other popular artistes appeared.

THE Mouldy Mountebank and attendant brigands managed to crawl by easy stages as far as the "Old George," Whitechapel, at which capital hostelry the Frequently Fuddled Fabric and his blue eyed heir were created honorary members of the Ancient Order of Druids; after which imposing ceremony, there was a concert on a small scale, accompanied by a heavy booze on a large one, the direct consequence of which was that the Old 'Un returned home in a condition of lush and benevolence absolutely indescribable.

THE revival at an Opera Comique Matinée of Holcroft's genuine and ever delightful comedy *The Road to Ruin*, met with so much success, that Mr. Compton decided to transfer it to the evening bill, an act of policy for which he will doubtless reap a plentiful harvest of thanks from the playgoing public, as well as a welcome addition to the managerial coffers. The costumes are excellent, as are some of the scenes, and the company, doubtless from constant practice, in the provinces, work together in a manner which contributes largely to the success of the production. Mr. Compton's conception of the part of Goldfinch is in the actor's best vein, and is a splendid bit of character acting, and the hearty applause which greets him at



frequent intervals and at the final fall of the curtain, amply testifies to the delight and approval of the audience.

A PROBLEM, which A. SLOPER would like solved, is to the following effect:—"Between the finish of one pantomime season and the commencement of another, what becomes of those shapely representatives of loveliness, whose beautiful forms adorn the first and second rows of the choral? Is there some vocation unknown to outsiders, especially adapted for ladies of this profession? or do they, throughout the summer season, sojourn with their papas and mamas?"

Appropos of Christmas hamper, the Eminent would like to remind his readers that "Unsweated" is his favourite beverage, and that he has a great partiality for turkeys and game of all description. The above must not be taken in the light of an appeal to a generous public, but still A. SLOPER awaits the result with a certain amount of anxiety.

"FUN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS" is the title of a really astonishing pennyworth, published by ALLY SLOPER at 153 Fleet Street, which containing as it does no less than fifty original pictures by George Gatecombe, G. G. Fraser, Warwick Reynolds and other clever artists, and a large amount of humorous letterpress, can hardly fail to give a veritable happy Yule to every purchaser of it.

THE Mildewed Mahatma has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon Inspector Marshall, because he's an ornament to the Force. "Feyther," bleated the Blue-Eyed Detective, "the inspector proved one too many for that there Moreton Scott Jones, as tried to rush you out of the £150, didn't he?" And the Old Man patted his offspring playfully on the head with his gingham and went out to see McGooseley on business.

TOM SMITH'S box of Christmas crackers, "ALLY SLOPER'S Trunk," is a phenomenal success, some twenty thousand boxes having already been sold. As each box contains twelve crackers, close upon a quarter of a million of SLOPER hats, noses, gin bottles, and other accessories of the Eminent's have found their way into the hands, or on to the heads, of the most enlightened portion of the British public. There's no getting over it, A. SLOPER is the most popular man living at the present time, although he does occasionally get a bit rumfoozley.

THAT Christmas is all very well in its way we are perfectly ready to admit; but after all, it is a serious question whether all the enjoyment we derive from it is not counterbalanced by the inconveniences and annoyances to which we are also subjected. Take, for example, the time honoured but none the less abominable custom of giving Christmas boxes. No sooner has Boxing day dawned than the waits who disturbed your beauty sleep on Christmas eve wake you from a delightful snooze and demand their reward. The postman is the next to claim your bounty, and he is followed in rapid succession by the turncock (whoever sees a turncock except at Christmas?), the dustman, the majority of the police quartered in the neighbourhood, the entire staff of the Fire Brigade, the sweep and the lamplighter, whilst the butchers, bakers, grocers and milkmen's boys complete the terrible array.

OH, for the courage to refuse their impudent demands, for they are impudent to a degree. But they have us at their mercy. The waits might revenge themselves by treating us to an extra coral (horrible thought!); the postman would, doubtless, drop our missives in the mud; the turncock could do conjuring tricks with our water supply; the dustman forget to call when we most desired him; the policeman—oh, it would never do to offend the policeman; and the Fire Brigade might not hurry itself, as it ought, in case we did have anything like a fire. We should be sorry to have a chimney of ours swept by an un-Christmas-boxed sweep; and although it hardly seems possible that the lamplighter could do us much harm, there's no knowing what a desperate man is capable of when driven to extremities. Christmas boxes therefore be it: we may protest, but we must grin and bear in.

LORD BOB, knowing Tootsie's weakness, has just sent her in a cartload of Fry & Son's Chocolate. The dear girl, whether from



motives of generosity, or merely because she can't eat them all herself, takes a box down to the "Fry," every night. The stage manager has remonstrated with Tootsie; he says it's impossible for girls to sing in tune if their mouths are full of chocolate creams. In spite of this, the epidemic rages, and Fry & Son's business is, in consequence, going up by leaps and bounds. Bob says he doesn't mind the expense a bit, but when it comes to finding his mouth smeared with chocolate every time he looks in the glass something must be done; besides the boys at the club are beginning to notice it and to comment upon it.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 2nd, 1892.

27th December, 1834.—Charles Lamb, most charming of essayists, who died this day, was a thorough Londoner in heart, and his favourite drink was genuine London porter.

28th December, 1694.—Mary of Orange, queen of William III., died this day at Kensington. "The Bill for the Embalming of the Body of Her Majesty, by Dr. Harel, Her Majesty's Apothecary; For perfumed Sparadrap, to make Cerecloth to wrap the Body in, and to line the Coffin; for Rich Gummies and Spices to stuff the Body, and to fill up the Urne, [where the heart and viscera were enclosed]; for Indian Balsam, Rectified Spirits of Wine Tinctured with Gummies and Spices, and a strong Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin, and for all other Materials for Embalming the Body of the High and Mighty Princess Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. As also for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the two Coffines, with the perfumes for the Chambers [chambers]; altogether 200l. 00s. 00d."

29th December, 1834.—Baikes notes, under this date, that much anxiety was felt for the publication of the correspondence between Talleyrand and Madame de Vaumond, who died in January, 1833; but Louis Philippe, aware how much he was implicated in all these details, dispatched a party of gendarmes to her house, who broke open all the escritorios and carried off her papers.

30th December, 1839.—Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, K.C.B., died this day at sea, on board his flagship, the *Wellington*. After Napoleon's flight from Waterloo, when resolved to deliver himself up to "the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies," he surrendered unconditionally to Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, off Rochefort.

31st December, 1886.—Under this date, the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* records an interview with Magdalene Porz, the oldest of the Emperor Francis Joseph's subjects, who entered her 112th year on Christmas Eve.

1st January, 1793.—Sir Francis Head, who was born this day, was frequently to be seen at the Athenaeum Club until within a few months of his death, where, as in other clubs, it is a rule in the coffee room that members who have expended a shilling in fish, soup or *entrées*, shall have sixpence deducted from the price of "the joint," of course, on the principle that their attack on the latter will be proportionately restricted. One day Sir Francis had dined off the joint, having previously indulged in a dozen of oysters, for which there was a shilling to pay, but without any reduction in the charge for the joint. To this he demurred, on the ground that a shilling had been laid out in fish, and if oysters were not fish, what were they? It happened that there was in the chair a distinguished naturalist, who, in replying to the complaint, said, although oysters were not fish—they, in fact, belonged to a totally different division of the animal kingdom—he was willing to waive that objection and take his stand on his knowledge of physiology. This told him that oysters invariably acted as a whet to the appetite, and, therefore, instead of checking, they actually intensified the attack upon "the joint." Under these circumstances Sir Francis' objection could not be entertained.

2nd January, 1809.—Penguin Island, at the Cape of Good Hope, was this day submerged, and is now only known to mariners by name. The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called "Cabo Tormentoso" (the stormy cape), the "Lion of the Sea," and the "Head of Africa," was discovered by Bartholomew de Diaz in 1487. Its present name was given by John II. of Portugal, who augured favourably of future discoveries, from Diaz having reached the extremity of Africa.

DISILLUSIONED.

I SAW her in the ballet
All in a sylvan dell,
And, oh! her peerless beauty then
No words of mine can tell.
I went behind the scenes and bade
Them indicate the part,
The fairest of that fairy throng
Who had enslaved my heart.
They led me to a dressing room
And pointed to a form,
Attenuated, haggard, pale,
And ugly, old and worn.
Absorbing gin and water with
A place upon her knees,
And wolfing in a famished way
An onion, bread and cheese.
"A gent to see yer, Boozey Sal;
He's mashed on yer," they said;
She dropped her plate, turned round and smiled,
But I turned round—and fled.

UNAPPRECIATED SYMPATHY.

MERCENARY? No name for it! Why, we remember when his dear, fresh, charming, girlish young wife died—bless her heart! she was as dear, as good, as charitable a little woman as any in the world—we came across him in a bar in the Strand. Well—er—no, perhaps, as you say, he ought not to have been there, but, then, you can't "round" on a man for trying to drown his sorrows. We felt keenly for him. We went up to him and said—
"So sorry to hear of your loss."
"Oh, but he'll win a race next summer," he replied, absently;
"of course—er—you refer to the ten quid I had on Breeze?"
"No," we remonstrated. "But you buried your wife yesterday?"
"I, no bloomin' fear! I may be broke, old chap, but, thank heaven, I'd got enough to save having to do the diggin'. No; somebody's been 'having' you; I had a reg'lar undertaker in!"

NO CASE FOR TEARS.

A FEW nights after a terrific storm had swept the Kentish coast, a sad faced fisherman, who had been parading the streets of Folkestone for some time, seemingly without finding exactly what he wanted, entered an undertaker's shop, and, removing his hat as the door swung to behind him, said—
"Look 'ere, Stiff-shifter, one of our mates," indicating with his thumb the four or five horny handed mariners remaining outside: "one of our mates was drown'd a Monday night—we're goin' to giv' him a decent send-off."
"Ah, de-ar me, de-ar me, how sad, how sad!" murmured the undertaker, putting on a business face and turning on a tear.
"Look 'ee 'ere—cheese that!" shouted the fisherman, spitting into his right palm and assuming a threatening attitude; "none of that! We're not goin' to pay for no bloomin' snivellin'. All you've got to do is to smile—just as if you'd got a contract for a five 'undred pun' tombstone. We've got reasons. When you go into the house don't rub yer 'ands and say it's the most natural corpse in the world—cos it ain't; Bill's turned the colour of pickled walnuts—and, 'sure as you say 'Ow sad!' on'y onest, I break yer jaw where you stand! All you've got to do is to give 'im a 'andsome send-off, and don't pay more'n three quid for the hearse; if ye do ye won't get yer bill paid. Yer sympathizin' may do with a parcel of women, but we don't want the job loaded with grief—for reasons?"
"Wasn't the deceased married, sir?"
"Married! Rather; that's just it—on'y she croaked the day afore yesterday, an' Bill an' us went an' drowed the club money an' got sosselled on it. If Bill 'adn't a bin as blind as a 'addock over her 'surance money he wouldn't ha' fell in!"
And Folkestonites say they never remember a burying conducted with more painful decorum!

A PERTINENT PETITION.

(A CURIOUS CHRISTMAS COMPLAINT. ADDRESSED TO OLD FATHER SLOPER.)



THIS petition sheweth that the underigned, Messrs. Ox and Pig and Misses Duck and Goose, Likewise Beau Turkey, all now here combined, Call your attention to a grave abuse; The grievances of those who now protest consist in this—that, at this time of year, We're fattened up and slaughtered with much zest, To make you and your guests what's called "good cheer." Therefore, we come to you, oh, F.O.S.! Implying you such practice to condemn! Why should we thus be victimised, old friend, Merely to gratify your human race? Why should Fate thus kind animal bosoms rend?

Why should we not, in fact, *reverse the case?* Suppose you human folk were fattened thus, For us to feed upon—you'd not exult! You wouldn't like it! Henceforth, then, spare us—Or choose, like us, the vegetarian cult. At any rate, cast your old plan away—And your Petitioners' will ever pray!

UNKIND.

SOME people have no idea how a casual word spoken in haste will hurt a man's feelings and wound his most tender susceptibilities beyond the power of even the sex to heal. As a case in point, the Eminent was announced last week to give a lecture on the Drink Question, and the hall was crowded. The dear Old Man commenced, "My friends, last year we spent £3,000,000 upon alcoholic drink, and the question is how can we reduce this enormous expenditure for drink?" and then some thoughtless bouncer in the hall shouted out, "Keep your mouth shut, ALLY!" Our monoidy old friend spoke no more that evening.

SHE KNEW NO FEAR.

"No, George," she said, firmly, about a week after they had returned from their honeymoon and settled down in the little instalment-furnished very desirable residence at Camberwell; "no George, I will no longer submit to be kept in slavish subjection, and since you have forced me to speak out, I now, once and for all, inform you that I refuse to be bullied by you any longer. I will not put up with it, do you hear?—will not. I may be a woman, but I am a match for you, Mr. George Algernon Shuffleduster. Oh! yes, I know what you would say, that a wife should love, honour and obey her husband; but obeying doesn't mean carrying out the selfish wishes of a cowardly tyrant—yes, a cowardly, brutal tyrant. Women have too long been kept in subjection, too long been regarded as the inferior of man, when, as a matter of fact, they are immeasurably his superior, both physically and mentally."

"But my darling, woman has been always regarded as the weaker sex, taught to look up to man, to trust to and come to him for protection."

"Ah, I thought you would say that; it's like your sex to taunt us with cowardice; but, let me tell you, it is only the colossal depth of man's ignorance which is responsible for that impression. Timid, indeed! Women timid—ha! ha! (with a hysterical laugh). Search the pages of history, and see if they do not contain a greater number of heroic women than men. Have you never heard of Boadicea—of Joan of Arc—of Queen Eleanor—of Flora MacDonald or of Charlotte Corday?—and it is to one of their sex that you prate of protection! Protection, forsooth! Do you fancy that I—I stand in need of your puny aid? do you think that I would shrink from danger—I, who would face fearlessly the horrors of the pestilence, the armed burglar, the phenomena of the supernatural, the cannon's mouth, the—ah, heavens! save me!" she shrieked wildly, and fainted.

There was a moment's silence, and then a dark shadow flitted rapidly across the floor, and the stillness was broken by a rustle and a gentle "Tweak, tweak."

Then the awful truth burst upon George's mind in all its appalling intensity.

There was a mouse in the room.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 26.—FANNY FEATHERSTONE.

THOUGH Yule for many a year Has brought me great good cheer, Yet, 'pon my soul, I ne'er Conceiv'd that one could find In Christmas feast such stunning happiness and fun, Till, at Yule, in Ninety-one, With Featherstone I dined I've many a maiden prime Saluted in my time 'Neath mistletoe sublime: And yet I never wist That the mistletoe was quite So fruitful of delight Till under it, last night, Fair Featherstone I kissed! Old Father Yule, they say, Is a wizened man, and grey, Who hobbles on his way With trembling arms and knees: But I'll bet you two pun' ten That he'll be of smart young men The very sprightliest, when Sweet Featherstone he sees!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

"CAN I see the guv'nor?" said a stranger to office boy, who was smoking a cigarette. "I hope not," replied the office boy, with a hurried look round.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

PRINCE'S CHAMBERS, COVENTRY STREET, W., December 5th, 1891.

MY DEAR ALLY,—“F.O.S.” wishes to express to you how much he is amused and gratified at your complimentary opinion of him in the F.O.S. Portrait Gallery. But the sketch is—well, ah! hem—rather consumptive looking about the legs, and I have had it asked me, “Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tile?” I pray give me a call here soon, or make a rendezvous “in the wilds of the Old Kent Road,” just for a drink. Sincerely yours, SCOVEL.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 93.—HE IGNOMINIOUSLY FAILS TO KEEP UP A GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

THE Wreck had heard that in olden days, While Christmas logs on the fire did blaze, A comical sort of a character, styled The Lord of Misrule, with his antics wild Made measureless pleasure for ladies gay And for warriors bold upon Christmas Day. And the Fossil he said to himself, said he, “I at Christmas a Lord of Misrule will be, And my friends shall laugh, until Mildew Court's High rafters ring, at my gay sports!” But I'll breathe not a word of my scheme—not me! And a pleasant surprise for my pals 'twill be!

In the home of the Wreck there's a dungeon deep Where hardly a human foot would creep, Or a human heart would dare; and there, By a flickering candle's uncertain glare, The Fossil prepared for himself with care Such fantastic apparel as jesters wear. He burnished his bells and he secured his mask, Till he freely perspired with his genial task. Yet ever he grinn'd to himself, grinn'd he, “Yes, blimey! a Lord of Misrule I'll be!” Nor wist the poor man that each innocent word Alexandry, with ear at the keyhole, overheard! From the Eminent's heir the Eminent's dame Got a whispering wheeze of the Eminent's game, And, with broomstick armed and with eyes aflame The savage old gal to the dungeon came: And the way the blows on the Eminent's frame From that broomstick rained was a tarnal shame! And the ternaunt tartar she said, said she, “So, you hardened old wretch! you escapes from me An' disguises yerself to go an' see Some ‘Friv’ gal, I s'pose, an' ter hev a good spree. But, if ever I catches the hussy, ye'll see As I'll serve her the same as I'm sarvin' ye! For, while I'm yer wife, ye're the lord o' me, An' the Lord o' no brazen Miss Rule shall be!”

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ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £48 19s. 8d.

SINCE RECEIVED:—ALLY SLOPER, Esq. (weekly donation). £1: STANLEY B. BRIGGS, 2s. 6d.; ALICE E. NEEDLE, 1s.; SOAKINS, 2s.; “A.W.R.” 5s.; FRED, 4s.; “P.B.” (ASSISTANT), 1s.; MOSTYN PIGGOTT, 5s.; J. BENWELL CLARKE, 10s. 6d.; GEO. J. HICKS, 2s.; “J.C.” 2s. 6d.; ROWLANDS & FRAZER, £1 1s.; FOX, GREG & CO., 2s.; “A PASSER BY,” 4d.; “UNITED,” 2s.; R.M. CROMPTON, £1 1s.; W.M. PARKINSON, 10s. 6d.; EDWARD SOLOMON, £1 1s.; JOHN SWAIN, £1 1s.; SHIRLEY HODSON, 10s.; “FATHAD,” 2s.; HAL LUDLOW, £1 1s.; HERBERT CAMPBELL, £1 1s.; DE. TOM ROBINSON, £1 1s.; WILLIAM WHITELEY, £1 1s.; “E.E.K.” 1s.; J. MACWHIRTER, £1; CADBURY BROS., £1 1s.; S. B. BANCROFT, £1 1s.; EVA DURKIN, 1s.; Collected by R.W. GOODWIN, 5s.; Brook St. Hiley, 4s.; OWEN, 1s.; “SMALL HELP,” 6d.; “J.Y.” and “DARK EYED SEE,” 2s.; KEIGG, 2s.; LIONEL, 2s. 6d.; “THE DAMASK ROSE,” 2s. 6d.; CAPT. FRED. COLLINS, F.O.S., 10s.; STAFFORD & CO., £1; LEONARD MIDDLETON, £1; “IN THE MASTER'S SERVICE,” 10s. 6d.; A. CHASEMORE, £1 1s.; JAS. GALLAGHER, 7s. 6d.; GEO. GATCOMBE, 5s.

Making a total received up to December 15th, 1891—£80 3s. 6d.

THE SEASON'S TRIUMVIRATE.

LET the strains of sweet music resound through each room, Let the feast and the revel begin: Outer darkness without, and the brumaltide's gloom, But Love, Light and Rejoicing within! For the sake of your guest let all dulness depart, Let your eyes with much merriment glow, For, awaiting admittance to home and to heart, There is Old Daddy Christmas below!

Let your house be alive with the dance's wild dash, And with Christmasy kissing-games nice, And a run on the Mistletoe Bank that would smash The big Lombard Street Bank in a trice. Let your children, uncured, with omnivorous zest Gourmandize till they puff and they blow: For, if haply by overmuch food they're distressed, Why, there's Old Daddy Doctor below!

Let a circle be made round the ingle at night, Let big logs on the ingle be flung, Let the gruesome Yule ghost tales be told with delight, And the merry Yule melodies sung. And of pollicking stories there need not be dearth, Or of sprightly “Ha! ha!” and “Ho! ho!” For, awaiting his turn to convulse you with mirth, There is Old Daddy SLOPER below!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE best club for knocking down a ghost with—The Thirteen Club.

THE chief characteristic of the Wreck—Wreck-titude.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

RICHER THAN GOLD. (A TALE OF THE LONE PACIFIC.)

CHAPTER III.

THE *Nancy* barque lay taut and trim in the Mersey ready to sail for trading purposes in the Pacific. Captain Spritsail had had his parting glass in the “Anchor Arms,” and was now ready to hitch on the tow rope as soon as the *Foam King* tug-boat was ready to shout for it. The good ship was tight and trim. Everything was well found, the cargo was admirably stowed, and all looked bright and fair for the voyage. In three-quarters of an hour they would be gliding down the Mersey, and in a few hours would be speeding down the Irish Channel with every sail set. Captain Spritsail thought the moment auspicious for another drink, and in his manly voice he roared—

“Mate, pipe aft the cook with a kettle of hot water.”

A second later the shrill whistle was heard, and the voice of the mate was heard calling, “Cook ahoy, bring aft the kettle.”

There was no response to the cry. One of the crew suddenly remembered that the cook and he had got drunk the night before, and he had some recollection that the cook had fought with a policeman and been taken to the cooler; and, as he had blackened the policeman's eyes, the chances were that he would get forty days. There was, undoubtedly, a crisis. The men did not care to sail without a cook—nor did the captain.

“Scull ashore in the dingy, quick, and bring a cook,” roared the captain, and with a ready “Aye, aye, sir,” the mate sprang into the boat, and in a moment was rapidly sculling towards the quay.

Standing on the quay was a youth. His felt hat had seen better days, but some time previously. His coat was seedy, and was buttoned close across his breast to hide the absence of a waistcoat, and he had painfully apparent symptoms of financial bankruptcy about his person.

“Do you want a job?” said the cheery mate.

“I do,” was the ready response from the seedy one.

“Can you cook?” said the mate.

“I don't know,” was the reply.

“All right; consider yourself engaged. There's any number of possibilities in a person who doesn't know if he can cook, and there is some comfort in

knowing you can't be much worse than the man who said he did know. Get aboard, quick, and know that you are listed in the noble art of slinging peasoup on board the *Nancy* barque, of and from Liverpool, for the Pacific with a cargo of general goods.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the ready youth, as he proceeded to give his land-man-like trousers a thoroughly professional and seaman-like hitch.

“Got any traps with you? I suppose not,” continued the mate. “Well, never mind, I'll give you an old shirt myself, and the master will give you some of his old togs, an' what do a man want more?”

The youth heaved a sigh as he turned his steps towards the dingy. He did not hesitate, however.

He took his seat without reluctance at the bow of the tiny craft, and as the mate deftly sculled the boat away from the receding shore, a mist dimmed his manly eye.

He had hoped that the time might come when he might apply his admitted talents to the higher branches of the Esculapian profession; but it was evidently not to be. He had dropped the pestle and mortar, and would in future apply his chemical knowledge to the composition of coffee and the manufacture of beef steaks from dried cow.

The youth was undoubtedly down on his back, and the youth was Frederick Pinstrode.

(To be continued next week.)



“Pipe aft the cook.”



Sculling towards the quay.



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THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 235.—MR. EDWIN J. BRETT, F.O.S.

"Our hero is one of those individuals who, by condescending to be born alive into the world, may be considered to have conferred a favour upon mankind, for which mankind cannot be sufficiently grateful. Edwin, from the moment he first saw the light, came to the conclusion (for he was a phenomenally precocious infant) that he had a mission, and although he for some time laboured under the delusion that it was to drive his parents half crazy with a pair of lusty lungs, he soon discovered his mistake, and, at the early age of five, we find him sole proprietor, editor, manager, publisher, etc., of a paper, the express object of which was to discountenance the penny awful and elevate the literary taste of the juvenile portion of the community. This he has certainly succeeded in doing, and now in the prime of manhood he is associated with more boy's publications than he can count upon the fingers of both hands, and is everywhere looked up to with respect and admiration as having done more for boy's literature than any other man living, and complimentary banquets in his honour take place upon an average about twice a week. Chiefly because he's the Boy's Romancist, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him December 19th, 1891." — *Debrett Improved.*



Strangely enough, pussy prefers the turkey to the sausages. Why? Echo answers meow.



GARN, YER BALLY OLD TURNIP.



Inquirer Youth, I say, pa, what shall we do when there are no more coals to be got?
Pa. Do, my son? Ahem! We must warm ourselves with gas stoves.

W(H)INES FROM THE TABLE.



Son of House. This port is of a very inferior quality, James.

James. Well, you see, sir, our regular wine merchant disappointing us in the delivery yesterday, we had to send over the way.

Son of House. I see, James, I see. Any port in a storm, of course.



Making it nice and Christmassy for grandpa, who has come to stay for a few days.



He. I thought when I married you it would be all sunshine.

She. You made a mistake, did you not, dear? for it's all moonshine.

MIXED DRINKS.



* (1). It was Christmastide. Bounder and Steadysoak were seeing each other home from the "annual whisky farce" at the "Boiled Owl." — (2). "Well, goori, old man!" hiccupped Bounder, as he got the latchkey to work at last; "Ta—(hic)—care of yourself. Family man myself, must turn in early." "Don't mensh'n it, m' boy," replied Steadysoak. — (3). Then, as his friend retired into domestic life, he seated himself on the snow clad pathway and shed a few tears over the hollowness of friendship. — (4). Roused from his sombre meditations by the cold, he consulted his faithful timepiece, and, learning therefrom that it was half-past forty-two in the

middle of the next blue moon, he concluded that the time had arrived to seek repose. — (5). The door standing invitingly open, he entered, and cautiously ascended the stairs, so as not to disturb his landlady. — (6). Unaware that he was "prospecting" in the domicile of the valiant Bounder, who was reposing like a gentle flower upon the first landing, and who, supposing him to be an armed burglar, welcomed him somewhat in the manner depicted. — (7). "Well, old boy," said Steadysoak, when the little skull dragging and hoofing match was over, "who'd have thought it was you—or me either? Feel as sober as a judge now. It's as good as a small soda."

DANCING GIRLS.



No. 26.

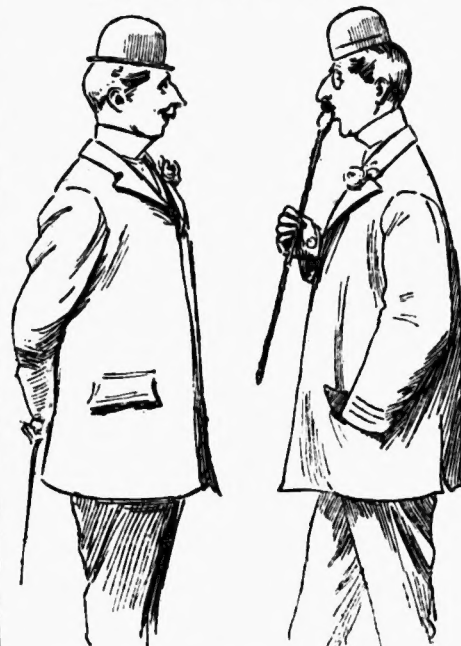
The girl who's simply mad on dancing.

A FAIR ASPIRANT TO FAME.



"I know we shall not live happily, and that after marriage he will desert me, and be cruel and all that. And then we'll have a divorce, and it will be such fun. And won't it be nice to see one's self in all the papers as 'the heroine of a great scandal!'"

SOMETHING LIKE A CHAPEAU.



"Hullo! I say, old chappie, where the dooce can I get a hat like that? Why, it's got no brim at all!" "Nowhere, old boy. Had it made to my own design."